



FLIGHT of POPERY from ROME to the WEST.

THE FLIGHT OF POPERY FROM ROME TO THE WEST

BY SAMUEL B. SMITH.—LATE A POPISH PRIEST.

[With a Plate.]*

WHAT do I see in the distant West?—The wide-spreading fertility of nature, in all her charms: prairies, whose spacious bosoms extend from hill to hill; from river to river: mountains, whose lofty heads are crowned with timber; and whose capacious womb is replete with ores, minerals, and coal.—There the Mississippi begins its journey in the North, cold and shivering; ripples its way, at first, over snow-capped rocks and precipices; winds along the gloomy lake of the woods; sweeps the prairies as it goes; and, proceeding towards the South, she meets a thousand tributary streams that pour their gifts and offerings at her feet. Her swelling bosom now spreads her channel deep and wide; cuts a passage through opposing

* DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.

The annexed plate represents the American eagle bearing the Pope and his coadjutors, Priests, Nuns, and devils, from Rome to the West, with a retinue of their devotees signed with the "*Mark of the Beast*."—Gibbets, fire, and superstition accompany the train.—Rome is seen in the distance, retiring from the view; and the beautiful Valley of the Mississippi appears to extend her arms, and to be waiting with a smile, to embrace the triple crowned Spiritual Despot of the world.

Appalling paradox!—the American eagle, the symbol of freedom, soars through the heavens, bearing on her wide-spreading pinions, slavery and death!

Liberty is our element; therefore, all the scum and scurf of Papal Europe, must float in upon us!—Our Constitution is based on the rock of equal rights; therefore, we must suffer it to be made a magazine for Popish intrigue to blow us into atoms!—Our Constitution knows no distinction; therefore, all may come that will,—men and devils,—traitors and incendiaries;—despots and murderers;—serpents, dragons, monsters;—chains, swords, and firebrands.—We hail them all;—and when they come, supply them with a chariot, like the car of Juggernaut, to crush our infant Republic beneath its ponderous wheels.

Beloved fellow-citizens! listen to the voice of prudence, ere the shrieks of freedom strike upon your ear.—Every Romish temple that rises in the West, will swell the Jubilee of Popish triumph, till the day rolls on, when the distant Valley of the West will toll the death of our Republic.

Sleep on now, and take your rest; the hour is at hand, and the sons of freedom are betrayed into the hands of tyrants.

rocks and mountains ; and, rushing onward to the South, opens her numerous mouths, and pours her flood into the briny deep.

Fatigued with her long journey, she looks back, from whence she came. Parched with the tropic rays of Mexico, she remembers the frozen deserts of the North. Casting her eye over the luxuriant Valley that spreads itself from the Allegany on the East, to the Rocky Mountains on the West, she sees a world smiling at her beneficence. Every variety of climate breathes over the beautiful scene : every production of nature blooms on the soil. The mountains in the North are clothed with the oak and pine, ready, and waiting for the ax and chisel to convert them into dwellings for the emigrant, or into ships for the transportation of the rich and copious productions of the soil. The prairies, enamelled with every variety of flower, verdant with grass, and teeming with herds of deer and buffaloes, perfume the air with soft and silent orisons of praise, and seem to waft their fragrance as an incense to the Mother, whose fertilizing stream nourishes, supports, and refreshes them.

Beautiful sight !—But we look again ; and what do we see ?—The tawny Aborigines of the country, the masters of the vast domain, driven from the soil ; thousands and millions of what we call civilized, seizing on their possessions.—Every hill begins to echo with the woodsman's ax. The plough of cultivation drives through the once neglected prairies.—The wild grass yields to the golden wheat and corn.—The bee, stunted in his flowery repast, hums his way still farther to the West, and revels in the luxuriance of the uncultivated Oregon.—Hamlets, villages, and cities, now succeed the squalid wigwam.—The indian is gone :—the white man is come :—the buffalo and deer have gone with him.—Instead of the rocking canoe that was paddled along, the steamboat comes puffing and panting with fiery power.—All is now the bustle of commerce.—The cities are thronged.—The wilderness blossoms as the rose.

We look again, and what more do we see ?—Alas ! as I look through my tears, I espy on every hill, in every dale, the sign of the "*Beast*."—The mockery of the Cross ✠ glitters in the temples of idols ; and the professed followers of Christ, some of them bend before it.—I see them running hither and thither, offering their oblations at the shrine of superstition.—Protestants by name ; but what by practice, but the mere gulls of Popery ?—Liberal, *unsuspecting*, free, and hospitable, their arms and hearts are open unto all.—Their benevolence we admire ; their imprudence we condemn ; and their ignorance we pity.—A pitiable sight would be to see a hen setting to hatch the eggs of the cockatrice ; but more pitiable far, it is, to see

the Genius of liberty cherishing under her warm feathers, and wide-spreading wings, a brood of fiery Dragons to set the country in a flame.

If our citizens are intelligent, they have yet a lesson to learn.—The book of history, one would think, has to them been sealed.—The cries and groans of Europe have not reached their ear.—The crackling fagot of the Inquisition has not struck their eyes.—Can we be called intelligent if we know nothing of the ravages of Popery, or are unwilling to believe the voice of History !—Are we prudent, for the sake of numerical strength, to favor the increase of Popery ?—Ours is a Republic.—Popery is monarchical.—We are free, but the Tiara of Rome is a despot.—If we are unwilling to listen to the universal testimony of the past, why, at least, are we blind to the present ?

Look at the Priest-ridden Spain, and tell me why the incendiary's torch is now laying the country in ruins ?—Why are the Monasteries wrapped in flames ?—Why the Priests and Monks driven with their Nuns, from their secluded haunts ?—Why does that devoted nation now withhold the revenue, that, heretofore, they paid as a tax to their Sovereign Pontiff beyond the Alps ?—And why is the cry amongst them,—"Liberty or Death !?"—

Why, too, of all the civilized countries on the globe, is Spain, whose soil is fertile, the most uncultivated ?—Why are her people the most illiterate ?—Why is their character more cruel and ferocious than the tiger ?—Why their manners so dark, reserved, and suspicious ?—Because they have been under the dominion of the Priesthood.—They have sucked from their mothers' breasts, the principles of Popery.

Time has, at length, broke the talismanic charm of Infallibility.—Facts, and example, and contradiction, and absurdity, and oppression, and fraud, and tyranny, have told them, in a voice of thunder, that Popery is a robber, and her infallibility a lie.

Her poor, passive, Priest-ridden subjects have followed their Infallible Mother into such labyrinths of error, that now the nation is but a skeleton, in a political point of view, and infidel, as respects religion.—The "*Beast*" has there achieved his triumph.—He began his career with torch in hand.—First, the poor Jews were driven from the country, because they would not bow before the Cross.—Then the heretics, worried and chased by *bloodhounds*, were torn to pieces, or dragged before the Grand Inquisitors to be burnt alive.—Popery left not a rival in the realm.—Not a whisper could be lisped against the established religion of proud and dictatorial Rome.—The thun-

ders of the Vatican deadened every sigh that heaved from the bosom of the oppressed.—Popery, in all her splendor, covered the land. The Prelacy ruled supreme in Church and State. Infallibility bore full sway, and universal desolation has followed in her train.

Christ, the watch-word of the "*Beast*," and Christian, are, there, only known in name.—The people mocked, gulled, oppressed, and worried, deprived of the Word of God, finding by sad experience, that "*all men are liars*," have rushed despondent, stumbling over the Cross, into infidelity and atheism.

Now, no longer intimidated by the fires of Purgatory, and being trained by the sanguinary spirit of their church, they seem resolved to quench the flames of the Inquisition, and to extirpate the very name of Popery, Monkery, Priestcraft, and Nunnery, from the land.

The Spaniards are now practically exhibiting to the world, the meaning of the Popish doctrine, "*THE WORK HAS WORKED*," "*ex opere operato*."—Yes, indeed, the work has worked its own ruin, and the ruin of all that are under its influence.—When Popery falls, it is the fall of Sampson and the Philistines.—When Satan fell, his angels fell with him; and heaven remained in peace.—When Popery falls, the Prince of darkness will again fall with him, and the millennium of truth, peace, and joy, will fill the earth. Then, and not till then.

"If ever the liberties of this Republic are destroyed," (said Lafayette,) "it will be by *Roman Priests*." And our immortal Washington, speaking on this subject, exclaims:—"How many opportunities do they offer to tamper with domestic factions, to practise the arts of seduction, to mislead public opinion, to influence or awe the public councils!"

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"Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."--Art. 1, Amend. Con. U. States.

The above plate, and accompanying line, are the device and motto of the Popish paper, entitled the United States Catholic Miscellany, published in Charleston, South Carolina, under the eye of Bishop England. Our eagle has already turned Papist.